

The History of

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe*,
Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would
swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleve it
was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make
them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and
swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this
seven yeares before, I blush to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares
ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast
blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and
yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold
these exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purfes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here
comes bare-bones. How now sweete creature of Bombast,
how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

Fals. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I
was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could have crept into
any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it
blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad,
here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you must goe to
the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North
Percy; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and
made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the divell his true liegeman
upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O, *Glendower*!

Fal. Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*,
and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dow-
glas*, that runs a horsebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killes a
Sparrow flying.

Fals.

Henry the Fourth.

Fals. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fals. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not
runne.

Prin. Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for
running?

Fals. A horse-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote he will not
budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one
Mordake, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne
away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the news;
you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill
buffeting hold, we shall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hob-
nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall have
good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly
afear'd? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee
out threesuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that sprite
Percy, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide?
doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Fals. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when
thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practise an
answere.

Prin. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the
particulars of my life.

Fals. Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this
Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joynd stoole, thy golden Scep-
ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pit-
tifull bald Crowne.

Fals. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee,
now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make
mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept:
For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Camby-
ses* veine.

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Prince;